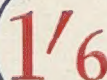


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London
December 3, 1941



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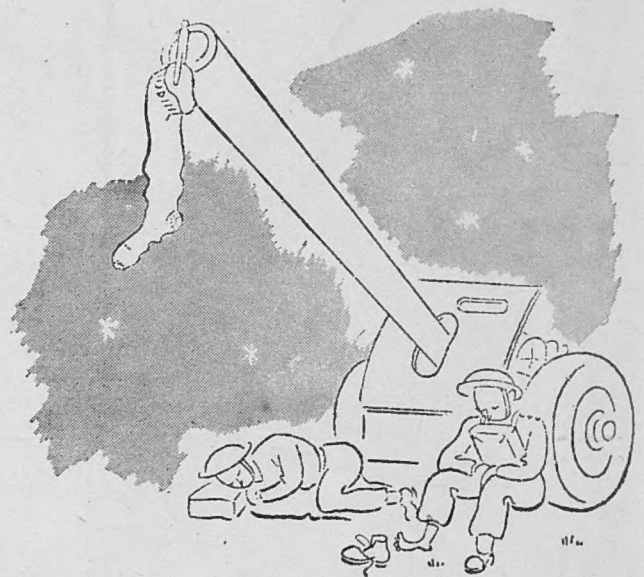
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"I Must Make Up My Mind"

Whenever Janie the telephone operator (Ginger Rogers) gets engaged to a new young man, she dreams about him. When she has got herself engaged to three young men at once, she dreams about all of them, and herself in this honeymoon array. Then she wakes up with the rhythm of "Make up my mind, make up my mind" beating in her head, and remembers she has promised to tell them at breakfast which she'll marry. Choose she does—and that ends *Tom, Dick and Harry*, one of the frothiest, funniest fantasies that ever came out of Hollywood. Tom, the "steady," is George Murphy, Dick, the millionaire's son, is Alan Marshal, Harry, the happy-go-lucky mechanic, is Burgess Meredith. Ginger herself acts with as delicious and whimsical an absurdity as Garson Kanin has put into the direction of the picture. (At the London Pavilion and the Marble Arch Pavilion)



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Libyan Epic

THE battle of the tanks in the Libyan desert has become an epic in this new age of mechanised warfare. I say this with no intended disrespect to the Russians. They are valiantly—month by month—withstanding the undiminishing pressure of Germany's mechanical might with what seems to be an ever-growing fortitude and determination. But of the Libyan battle we in this country seem better able to get a grasp of what mechanised warfare really means when two equally matched foes meet.

Even so, it is nothing more than a blurred picture which must defy our imagination until the petrol fumes have evaporated and the military historian can tell his story.

Lightning Decisions

CONSIDER the position of Sir Claude Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief of the Middle East. Month after month he masses supplies, assembles his armoured divisions, disposes his infantry, sets the strategy, and then orders the attack. Having done all this he must necessarily leave much to chance. For once a tank battle is joined decisions of vital importance to the final issue must be taken in a split second—in between a gear change—by the commanders in the field. Theirs is the responsibility; and on their lightning judgments everything depends in the last resort.

Credit must go to Sir Claude Auchinleck for striking at the right moment. The War Cabinet had left this decision to him. He was to launch his offensive when he thought fit.

The result was that he caught General Rommel's forces in strength and was able to trap them.

News of the offensive was the biggest and best tonic the people of this country could have had. It swept away the cloud of frustration which was enveloping many. It set a new tone to the war effort; and may, indeed, have produced a turning point in the war as a whole. The maintenance of a successful British offensive will rob Hitler of much of his terrorist power, for the invincibility of the German army is at stake. Once this bubble is pricked, Hitler's political tricks will count for less and less.

Postponed Feast

So far Hitler has not dared to launch his peace offensive, or even to make an attempt to organise his new order in Europe. This is significant. He probably thinks that it might give an impression of weakness if he begins talking about peace at the moment when the British are trying to climb on top of him. So the feast arranged for Vienna has been put off. I guess it will never take place now. Instead a number of shoddy individuals—men of dubious repute—whom the Nazis delight in calling statesmen, were summoned to Berlin for the purpose of perpetuating the anti-Comintern pact for five years.

Among the "statesmen" in Berlin was Count Galeazza Ciano, Mussolini's luxury-loving son-in-law. We are told that he is much thinner and less jaunty than of yore. There was a time when he would give Hitler

a piece of his petulant mind. I suppose it is all the other way round now. Before the war Count Ciano was quite cynical about his country's part in the European turmoil. If Hitler won and Italy was on Britain's side there would be no mercy for the Italians. Whereas if they continued to support Hitler and Britain won the war she would overlook Italy's alliance with Germany and be kind to her for old time's sake.

When the Italian people are released from their present bondage I wouldn't give an olive for Count Ciano's future!

Mediterranean See-Saw

A BRITISH victory in Libya would open the way to Tripoli and—some of our strategists hope—eventually give us the opportunity to invade Italy. In many respects that might be good business. It might rouse the French people to greater defiance of the Germans than if we were to attempt a landing in France at this time.

I am told that if we did try to land in France just now the chances are that our presence would find more resentment than help from French people. They have not yet recovered their spirit. Many of them are now doing so, but many more are still searching. For the moment they wish to be left as they are.

Clearly Hitler sees the danger which might spring from a British advance from Libya. Hence his urgent demand for the dismissal of General Weygand—in which he was successful—and the handing over of the French Fleet. But that is where he comes up against Admiral Darlan. There are rumours that the worthy admiral is beginning to see the light.

Penalties for Politicians

IN assessing the situation in France, we must remember that Marshal Pétain and his immediate supporters are tied to the decision which made them sign the Armistice. To admit now that they were wrong in signing the Armistice would be to court the vengeance of



The Earl of Rosebery and Some Russian Visitors

When ships full of timber from the Soviet Union arrived in this country, Lord Rosebery, Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence for Scotland, was there to welcome them, and was photographed with three women members of the crews. The ships went back to Russia full of munitions. Lord Rosebery, formerly Deputy Commissioner, succeeded Mr. Tom Johnston, M.P. as Scottish Civil Defence Commissioner when the latter became Secretary of State for Scotland in February



Mr. Harold Butler and Mrs. Biddle

Another Civil Defence Commissioner in the news is Mr. Harold Butler (Southern Region), here with Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle after she had opened the Fairmile Wartime Nursery at Aylesbury. Mr. Butler, who worked for eighteen years at the International Labour Office at Geneva, has just published a book called "The Lost Peace"



Husband and Wife at An Investiture

Acting Sq.-Leader W. J. Edrich, R.A.F.V.R., the England and Middlesex cricketer, went with his wife to Buckingham Palace to receive his D.F.C. He was decorated for great courage and determination when taking part in a daylight attack on Cologne power stations. The attack, carried out by a large force of Blenheims, was entirely successful



Father and Son

Acting Squadron-Leader J. D. D. Collier, R.A.F.O., who received a bar to his D.F.C., was amongst those decorated for gallantry and devotion to duty in attacks on Bremen and Brest. He is seen leaving the Palace with his small son, John Mark



R.A.F. Author and Irish-born Australian Air Ace

Acting Squadron-Leader Paul Richey, awarded a bar to his D.F.C., and Acting Squadron-Leader Brendan Finucane, who received the D.S.O. and two bars to his D.F.C., were others at the investiture. Paul Richey is the author of "Fighter Pilot," now published under his name in America. Brendan Finucane was decorated for destroying five Messerschmitts on two consecutive days, bringing his total bag to twenty-three. He is Irish, and leads an Australian Spitfire squadron

the French masses. In the same way as Daladier and Reynaud are incarcerated for their war guilt, the time might come when Pétain and his crowd might have to face trial. For these reasons Pétain and Darlan must be regarded as Frenchmen who want a German victory. But do they?

Admirers of Pétain say that he wants no such thing; and now Darlan's propagandists say that he wants to see the Germans beaten. I'm sure he must be very jealous of General Weygand who has been fired on Hitler's orders—for doing nothing! It seems to me that Weygand has been launched into a strong position.

Spain Uncertain

In the early days of his rise to power General Franco was much criticised as a politician. He was supposed to be without political guile. But he seems to be playing a very astute game. He keeps in with the Axis powers, and at the same time manages to get food from us. Although his generals are continually at loggerheads with the extremists of the Falangist Party, Franco succeeds in keeping an even keel.

Lately he has had to face the angry demands of his generals for the dismissal from the Government of his brother-in-law, Señor Suñer. General Franco agreed that the time had come to get rid of his fervid pro-German Foreign Minister, but eventually got out of his awkward predicament with the excuse that such an important change in the Government would upset public opinion in Spain. Evidence accumulates that neither the generals nor the bulk of the Spanish people have any faith in a German victory.

Hitler, the Butcher

ONE of the most stirring episodes of the war is occurring in Yugoslavia. In the mountains running down to the Dalmatian coast an invisible army continues the fight against the Germans. Hitler has offered them peace; but they fight on.

The army, consisting of about 100,000 men,

is under the command of Colonel Draja Mihailovitch, and Hitler has had to send extra German divisions into the country in an attempt to subdue this "Invisible Army." But he has failed, and now he plans the most dastardly of all his murders. Unless Colonel Mihailovitch's men surrender Hitler threatens to slaughter the population of Belgrade as hostages. German artillery is being circled about the city, Stuka dive bombers are being assembled. Hitler intends that none shall escape. Meanwhile Mihailovitch fights on. Dare Hitler destroy 300,000 people?

Japanese Reservation

ALTHOUGH Japan's Ambassador in Berlin signed the extension of the anti-Comintern pact, the Government in Tokio announces that the signature does not interfere with Japan's treaty of neutrality with Soviet Russia. This sounds crazy to me. I wonder what Hitler thinks. It may be significant, of course.

There are several highly placed people in Whitehall who have never been convinced that Japan would fight for the Axis in the Pacific. They saw in the advent to power of General Togo's government the first signs of Japanese desire for appeasement. Certainly General Togo's reiterated statements of policy have not justified that impression outwardly, but this may be the Oriental way of conducting diplomacy.

I have always felt that the logical course of Japanese policy—taking into account the importance of "face-saving"—must lead them inevitably into war, even though the country is war-weary and impoverished.

If there are to be negotiations with Japan to stay her hand, there is no better man for conducting them than Mr. Cordell Hull. He is rightly regarded as the best poker player in Washington. He has no illusions about the Japanese, the Germans or the Italians. They are all the same to him. If the Japanese are prepared to climb down, he will try and make the most water-tight agreement possible.

America's New Envoy

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has decided to send his friend, Mr. William C. Bullitt, to Cairo as America's Special Envoy in the Middle East. Mr. Bullitt will act as fact-finder for the President, travelling from place to place with the object of assisting Anglo-American co-operation against the Axis. His territory will probably cover North Africa, in which the United States is vitally interested.

It is fitting that Mr. Bullitt should undertake such a mission. He was American Ambassador in Paris when the Germans captured that city. They confined him to his Embassy for some time because they were suspicious of his activities. Mr. Bullitt has never hidden his sympathies. He is violently anti-German, and his experience of diplomacy stretches from the last war when he undertook numerous important missions. One of them took him to Russia on behalf of the American and British governments. This mission led to searching questions both in the House of Commons and in Congress.

President Roosevelt has always thought highly of Mr. Bullitt's ability. Before sending him to Paris, the President appointed Mr. Bullitt to Soviet Russia as American Ambassador, where he served a useful term.

To Meet Stalin

AFTER inspecting Polish troops at Tobruk, General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister, has gone to Russia to see the Polish divisions which are being formed there under the command of General Anders. The Poles are being equipped and trained with the utmost speed, and soon they will be in the fighting line. Their enthusiasm is high, but the visit of General Sikorski will be of great encouragement to them.

The General will also see M. Stalin for whom he has a letter from Mr. Churchill, as well as Sir Stafford Cripps, the British Ambassador. These will be important contacts, for General Sikorski is in the full confidence of the British Government and will be able to confirm the efforts Britain is making to assist her Russian and other Allies.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

"Sergeant York"

WAY back in 1916, Alvin York is a hick or hayseed living in a Tennessee milieu which makes that of Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms* one of perfect sophistication. His chief hobby is galloping around on horseback and letting off revolvers what time the sturdy villagers are indulging in bouts of primitive revivalism. But Alvin has a heart of gold, and when his widowed mother sends his cub brother after him, comes to heel though he knows that the prelude to re-admission to the family circle will be a bucket of cold water. And then Alvin falls in love with one of those fragrant little farm ladies who obviously have never seen a pig-sty.

To Alvin, love brings regeneration of the spirit. No longer will he waste his time in those desperate saloon mêlées at the end of which, desperadoes who have been knocked out half a dozen times pick themselves up, dust their trouser knees, and go peaceably home.

But Gracie is a realist who will take Alvin for a husband with all the attendant risks if only he farms the rich land in the valley instead of the shallow soil on the mountain side. Whereupon Alvin decides to buy a small farm. Now the sum of sixty dollars, though incredibly small to us, is altogether beyond our hero's competence, and the efforts to come by this money are as backaching to watch as Zola's *Travail* is to those who read.

In the end he is cheated of his labour, which would go hard with the cheats were it not for his conversion to religion, brought about by the direct interposition of the elements. For Alvin is on his way to shoot up his defrauders when he encounters a thunderstorm, and some of the most forked lightning ever seen in Hollywood strikes his rifle from his hand. Whereupon Alvin makes a bee-line for the revivalist chapel where he is taken into the fold. The scene here is really exciting, the actors led by Walter Brennan getting the revivalist frenzy well over whatever is the screen equivalent for footlights.

At this point America enters the war. But Alvin has just made acquaintance with the Commandment: Thou Shalt Not Kill. Which ill accords with your army instructor's notions about bayonet practice. Alvin's doubts as to whether his duty is to idealistic precept or to the only practical method of defending his country are resolved only after a long confab with a couple of superior officers with a taste for theological debate, and an

all-day séance of self-communing on a mountain top. In the end the claims of Country win. Alvin re-writes a famous verse so that it reads: Render unto President Wilson the things that are President Wilson's, and so on.

We are now transported to the Argonne, and become witnesses of that great feat of arms in October, 1918, whereby Corporal York and seven of his comrades force the surrender of sixteen times that number of the enemy. Then follow the Armistice, the return to America, and the triumphant reception of Sergeant York, bemedalled in France and acclaimed at home.

Offers to the amount of a quarter of a million dollars are made to him if he will only allow himself to become the centre of New York's advertising world. But Alvin is adamant. He has fought for conscience' sake and is not to be bought. Has he Mr. Cordell Hull's leave to reject the offers and return to the Back of Beyond? He has, and Mr. Hull wishes there were more Americans like him.

And lo and behold, when Alvin gets back to Tennessee he finds that a grateful country has bought his little farm for him and stocked it withal. So the only question is whether he will be hitched to Gracie by the revivalist minister or by the State chaplain. Such is the story of *Sergeant York* (Warner Theatre).

Obviously a simple and even sentimental tale like this is full of pitfalls, all of which have been most skilfully avoided by Howard Hawks, the director. This is cinema as I like it. Hawks does not, as your highbrow director does, use muddled photography to suggest significances too deep for words. When he photographs a nest of machine guns it looks like a nest of machine guns, and hemispheres are not rent with debate as to what it is that he is supposed to have photographed. To him a spade is a spade and a sledge would be a sledge. When he photographs a horse and rider ploughing through the mud he places his camera where the observer has his eye; the result is a horse and rider in danger of foundering and not something which may be the belly of the horse or alternatively the soles of the rider's boots.

GARY COOPER gives a superb performance as York, though there are times when even this good actor must defer to Margaret Wycherly for her immensely moving performance of York's mother. Joan Leslie does fragrantly as the young lady who would not know a pig if she met one, and there is an admirable performance by Dickie Moore as Alvin's brother.

Max Steiner is responsible for a very skilful musical score in which "God Save the King" is spatchcocked into the New World Symphony with remarkable effect.

My only fault with this picture is that the early part of it is twenty minutes too long against which must triumphantly be set the fact that none of it is in Technicolor. Since quite a number of the ultra-hard-boiled audience at the trade show indulged from time to time in suspicious sniffs, I imagine that the highbrow reception of this film will be, shall I say, sniffy.

When *Ladies Meet* (Empire) shows us Joan Crawford and Greer Garson wrestling for the unworthy affections of Herbert Marshall, Robert Taylor abetting. You know. If Joan takes my advice, she will never meet Greer again.

Aloma of the South Seas (Carlton) shows us Dorothy Lamour being wedded to Jon Hall according to Polynesian rites which have apparently been dictated by the poet Tennyson. This so excites the island volcano that jets of lava sweep away all the populace which has not the wit to cling on to hibiscus bushes or something of the kind. Good of its sort, though in my view this actress has now been sufficiently seen in this genre. However, she will doubtless do as she likes, and it will be difficult to chaff her out of it. A higher authority has already laid it down that *on ne badine pas avec Lamour*.



Sergeant York and His Family

Alvin C. York, America's soldier-hero of World War One, is Gary Cooper, his little brother George, is Dickie Moore, his little sister Rosie is June Lockhart, and his mother is Margaret Wycherly, on whose acting Mr. Agate makes special comment in his article above. Howard Hawks directed "Sergeant York" which is based on the diary of the real sergeant. The film, of which more pictures were in our issue of November 26, went to the Warner Theatre last Friday



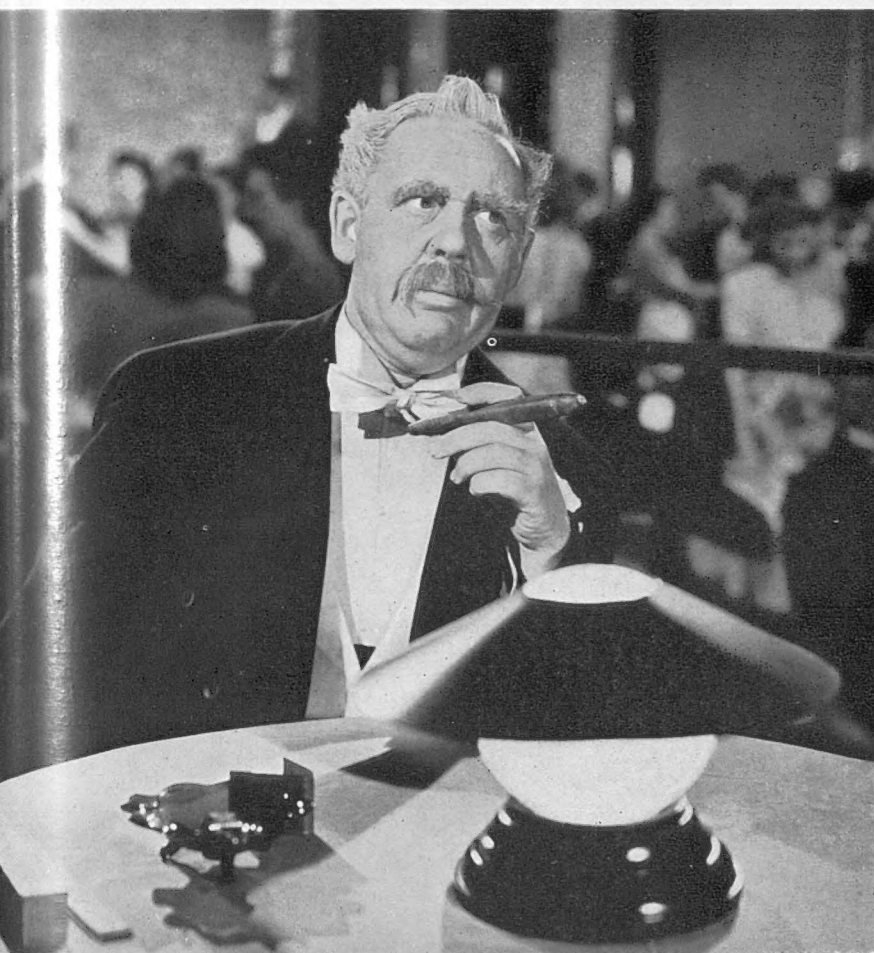
Jonathon Reynolds, Junior (Robert Cummings) catches Anne Terry (Deanna Durbin) at the station as she is leaving Junior's dying father, has expressed a wish to meet his son's fiancée. Unable to locate the real one, Junior persuades Anna to impersonate her at his father's deathbed

Jonathon Reynolds (Charles Laughton), Junior's millionaire father, is so delighted with Anna, whom he now believes to be engaged to his son, that he makes a spectacular recovery. He tries out his strength by jumping over a chair

The real fiancée, Gloria, and her mother have been kept out of the way until Junior's father is well enough to hear the truth. A dinner party is arranged to introduce Gloria to her future father-in-law, who has now become deeply attached to Anna. Reynolds (Charles Laughton) samples the food under the eye of Armand, the chef (Paul Porcasi)

"It Started With Eve"

Deanna Durbin and Charles Laughton in the New Universal Picture, Produced by Joe Pasternak, Directed by Henry Koster, at the Leicester Square Theatre



To avoid hearing the truth, that Anna is not really engaged to his son, Reynolds stages a sham heart attack. Anna brings the old man a drink, believing him to have had a relapse

Finally Reynolds, Junior finds that he really loves Anna, and asks her to marry him. Anna listens while her fiancé demands an explanation from his father of the photograph in the paper



Reynolds, over a big cigar, decides to help Anna with her musical career, and takes her on a round of the night clubs to meet his friends in the musical world. They come home late, are photographed dancing together and figure scandalously in the morning papers. Gloria is horrified and breaks her engagement to Junior

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Ducks and Drakes (Apollo)

AFTER the success of *Spring Meeting*—which, though I did not see it, I understand from well-informed sources to have been an excellent piece of work—*Ducks and Drakes*, by the same author, comes as a disappointment. To describe it as more than “just another unpretentious little comedy” would be to give it more than its due. To detect in it any individual distinction requires an insight shrewder than I, for one, possess.

Probably, like most writers, Miss Farrell, who is Irish, is more like herself on her own soil; but *Ducks and Drakes* could not have taken place in Ireland, since Ireland is not at war, and the action takes place in a country house where an old lady, whose three sons are in the Army, the Navy and the Air Force, must reside against her inclination with her three daughters-in-law.

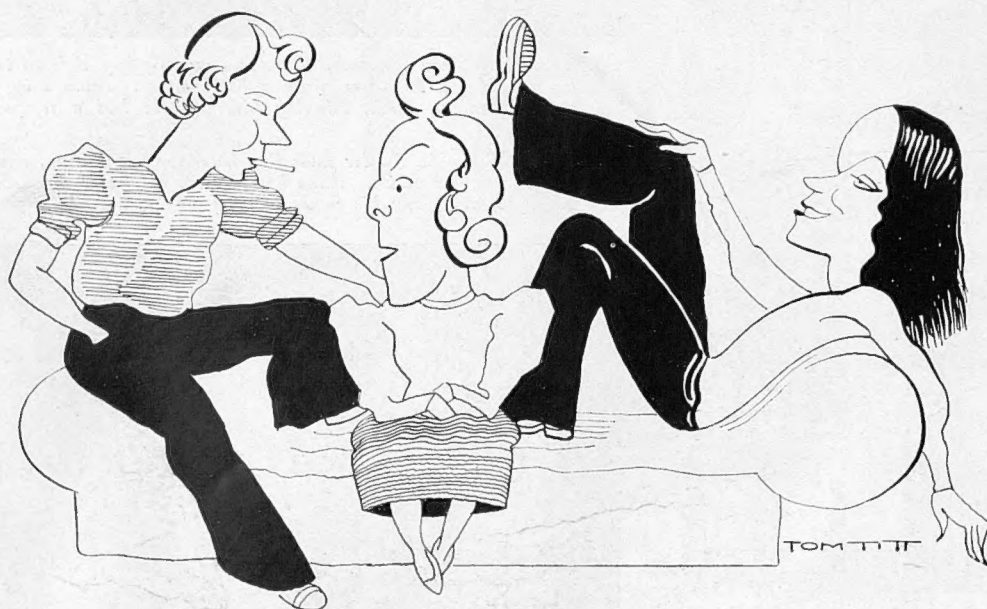
For the sake of the boys in the Forces, who like to think of their womenfolk living happily together while they are away fighting, it is agreed that they should do their utmost to “make a go of it”; but this is not easy, the daughter-in-law played by Miss Eileen Peel being one of nature's molluscs and averse from work in any form; the daughter-in-law played by Miss Judy Campbell, being deeply self-centred and interested only in her husband and the stage career she has relinquished in favour of a safe area; and the mother-in-law played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite being jealous of the girls, although at the same time possessing many of those sterling qualities without which few leading ladies of long standing would dream of considering a part outside the classics.

So, at Crowpastures, we get a good deal of noise and bickering, with a comic maid who

was once a dresser (Miss Kathleen Harrison), and a middle-aged relative (Miss Mary Jerrold) much concerned with settling the fate of Europe and concealing a taste for gin, while Miss Nora Swinburne, as the third daughter-in-law with a heart of gold, endeavours to make a success of the duck farm which is the key to the title and the



Confidences: Cousin Irene Tree (Mary Jerrold) and Mrs. Tree (Lilian Braithwaite)



Sisters-in-law—two boisterous, one demure: June, or Mrs. Ralph Tree (Eileen Peel), Sorel, or Mrs. Peter Tree (Nora Swinburne), and Phylis, or Mrs. John Tree (Judy Campbell)



Admiration: Judy (Kathleen Harrison) and Totty Barker (Ronald Squire)

plot. For when Miss Swinburne's good-for-nothing father joins the household in the person of Mr. Ronald Squire, it is to concoct a plot for secretly training a racehorse with the man about the place (Mr. W. G. Fay), who was once a jockey.

How they steal the duck food to feed the horse and how it wins the race is certainly in the Irish vein and might have formed the theme of one of the delightful stories by Somerville and Ross which you should lose no time in reading if you have not read them already, or in reading again if you have. But at the St. Martin's Theatre this theme provides only rather a mild rollick, with slightly serious interludes which prove slightly embarrassing.

THE acting is efficient and unsurprising. Miss Braithwaite is fibrous as the old lady. As the three girls Miss Swinburne, Miss Campbell and Miss Peel are respectively optimistic, deedy and deceitfully otiose. Miss Kathleen Harrison has her bit of adenoidal fun as the dresser, Mr. Fay keeps tight hold of his reins as the ex-jockey, and Mr. Squire is always a welcome scallywag. There is nobody on the stage we would rather see doing what he oughtn't.

Miss Jerrold, for all her skill, is handicapped as the middle-aged relative in playing a part which, I venture to hazard, was especially written for another actress of peculiarly individual talent—Miss Margaret Rutherford. Miss Rutherford is a natural comic and would have contrived a completely novel creation. Miss Jerrold, accomplished though she is, lacks what, in my younger days as a critic, I should have been so pleased to refer to as *vis comica*, and it is here that the authoress probably misses most seriously what she was primarily after.

And now, Miss Farrell, let us have another play about Ireland as good as your first, which I never saw. If only I were Irish, which is the best start a writer can possibly have, I would never dream of writing about anything else.

On a page of pictures of “School for Slavery” in last week's issue, we stated that its author, Lajos Biro, was a Polish film director. Mr. Biro is, in fact, of Hungarian origin, and is now a naturalised British subject. We regret this mistake.

"Love in a Mist"

Kenneth Horne's Light Comedy or Who'll-Have-the-Bedroom Farce at St. Martin's Theatre



"You can't sit up looking at Alps all night," says Howard (Michael Shepley) to Rose (Anna Konstam) when he and she, off for a week-end "in sin," get stranded in a fog at a Devonshire farmhouse. The farmer's wife (left) is Marjorie Rhodes

Kenneth Horne, playwright and film author, is now a Flight-Lieutenant in the R.A.F.V.R. His latest comedy, *Love in a Mist*, a frivolous, good-humoured trifle about two couples stranded in a fog, is well and gaily acted, and is deftly produced by Richard Bird at the St. Martin's Theatre. Indefatigable Mr. Bird is also at work on the production of the new Gordon Harker show, *Warn That Man*

The farmer is Welsh and never speaks (Lionel Gadsden); his wife is North Country and talks for them both (Marjorie Rhodes)



Angus McBean

A pair of honeymooners are also stranded for the night at the fog-bound farmhouse, where there is only one spare room. Pat and Nigel are played by Ann Todd and Richard Bird. Mr. Bird also directed "*Love in a Mist*," which is the twelfth play for which he has performed this service since war began



The fog, which gave this quartet an uneasy but entertaining night in each other's company, lifts at last, and the honeymooners, hand in hand, watch with delight the departure of the bickering lovers, now engaged to be married (Richard Bird, Ann Todd, Anna Konstam, Michael Shepley)

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Red Cross in the Country

LADY CAMDEN, County President of the British Red Cross Society for Kent, inspected local detachments at the County Hall in Beckenham, and watched various demonstrations of first aid and home nursing. Miss Batten, O.B.E., County Director, Miss Payne, Assistant County Director, and Miss Sanderson, Assistant County Secretary, were with her.

At Walsall, Lady Dorothy Meynell, County President, addressed the annual meeting of the Walsall and District Division of the British Red Cross Society. The retiring Mayor, Councillor J. Cliff Tibbits, presided; and Dr. Charles Reid, County Director, urged people to help Russia by giving as much as they could to the "Aid for Russia" Fund, of which Mrs. Winston Churchill is President.

A Recital in Kent

ANOTHER Red Cross event in the country in which Lady Camden was interested, this time as a patroness, was a piano recital at Tunbridge Wells on a recent Sunday afternoon. This was by Noel Mewton-Wood, the brilliant young Australian pianist who is playing in the Beecham Sunday concert at the Albert Hall next Sunday, which Sir Henry Wood conducts.

Mewton-Wood, who was nineteen the day before his recital, lives with Mr. and Mrs. Roger Eckersley, near Crowborough. Mrs. Eckersley ran the concert, in aid of the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation,

and there was a big audience in the large and wonderfully comfortable Assembly Hall (leg-room, several feet).

Lady Abergavenny was another patroness, and Lady Castle Stewart and Lady De La Warr were two more. Mrs. S. S. Hammersley, whose husband is M.P. for East Willesden, brought three of her daughters, one of whom married the Eckersleys' elder son last year.

There is a great deal of music made and heard in this region. Mrs. Burdett-Coutts, who runs the Tunbridge Wells Symphony Orchestra, was at the recital, and so was Mrs. Oswald-Smith, of the Tunbridge Wells Music Club.

Still others there were Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., and Miss Dorothy Dickson; Mr. W. J. Turner, the poet and critic, with his wife; and Miss Pamela Sargent, daughter of Dr. Malcolm Sargent; her mother was another patroness.

Other Worthy Occasions

LADY HAMBLETON presented the prizes at a dance in Henley, one of a succession organised by Miss J. Knibbs and Miss N. Tomalin, this time in aid of the Royal Berkshire and Henley War Memorial Hospitals. The Mayor and Mayoress, Alderman C. Luker, and Miss Luker were there, and there was a profit of over £40.

Lady Tweedsmuir, whose late husband was well known as John Buchan, opened an annual sale of work in Banbury Town Hall, and Canon Williams, welcoming the audience, said that the sale was designed

principally to help the Assistant Clergy Fund of the parish.

Lady Tweedsmuir writes books herself, nice ones for children, and she made a speech saying that, in spite of saving, people must still give Christmas presents, and here was the place to get them.

Lunching

LADY OXFORD AND ASQUITH was out lunching, vivacious as ever, as they say, in a red jacket and black hat. And Lord Willoughby de Broke was looking smart in his Air Force uniform; also Mr. Hector Bolitho, who has "New Zealand" on the shoulder of his. Mr. Charles Sweeny wore a dark suit, and was his usual healthy colour; and Mrs. Leslie Gamage, active about comforts, was in uniform. Mrs. Alistair King was without a hat, and Mr. Hannen Swaffer stalked about dramatically. Two other people apparently enjoying themselves on different occasions were Lord Carisbrooke and Lady Astor.

About

YOUNG Lady Meyer, a nineteen-year-old bride of a few weeks, was having tea with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight, and looking extremely pretty in mink. She is a very noticeable young lovely, with perfect legs and all.

Mrs. Hunter-Jardine-Patterson was another decorative person in London with her husband last week, in a brown dress, with short jacket and hat trimmed with fur.

Mrs. Brittan was rushing about, very busy in connection with the Fayer photograph exhibition in New York, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for air-raid victims, and was talking to Mr. Shane Leslie, dressed as a Home Guard.

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands was to be seen, in Air Force uniform.

After First Night

THE first night of *Get a Load of This* attracted a lot of stage and film people, many of whom were at the Savoy afterwards. Beatrice Lillie was there, in sequined black velvet, with a Juliet cap to match; Evelyn Laye looked pretty in violet blue; Ann Todd was with her husband, Nigel Tangye, and looking radiant; Bobby Howes was with "silly little man" Arthur Askey.

Eric Maschwitz was solemn in uniform; Gabrielle Brune looked in before dashing off to cabaret at the Berkeley; Edward Chapman was being congratulated on his part in *Ships with Wings*. Polly Ward was there too; and Mark Ostrer, talking to blonde and beautiful Mrs. Frank Owen. Jack and Daphne Barker came straight from the theatre with a large party, including Celia Lipton.

And Esmée Harmsworth was there, looking as lovely as usual.

Another First Night

"LOVE IN A MIST" had a gay first night, and party afterwards, with lots of flowers and congratulations. It is a very funny play—as someone said, "Even James Agate laughed"—and Ann Todd is good, and looks nice, in lovely clothes.

There is a divine character called Mr. Evans, who never speaks, but whose appearance one awaits breathlessly; and Marjorie Rhodes is grand as Mrs. Evans. She was at the party, in sweeping red velvet and a white Juliet cap. Ann Todd's husband, Nigel Tangye, was there; Leueen McGrath, with long, straight hair, dancing with Robert Newton; Elizabeth Allan, Claire Luce, Florence Desmond, and Gordon Harker.



The Hon. Mrs. Fortescue

Mrs. Fortescue, Viscount Hardinge's younger sister, was married in August to Colonel the Hon. Denzil Fortescue, Earl Fortescue's brother. She was formerly Lady Penrhyn. Her poodle is called Rex



Lady Lyell

Lady Lyell is the wife of Lord Lyell, who is in the Scots Guards. She was Miss Sophie Trafford before her marriage in 1938, and she and her husband have a son born in March last year

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THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
DECEMBER 3, 1941

Concert-Going in Oxford

Johnson, Oxford

Lord Berners, Lord and Lady David Cecil and Mr. William Walton were on their way to a concert in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford. Walton's latest work, a violin concerto, had its first performance in England at the Albert Hall last month, with Henry Holst as soloist



Studying Child Welfare

Viscountess Suirdale is one of the people whose work for the Red Cross takes her into London shelters to study and promote child welfare. Here she gives a spoonful of cod-liver oil to a young "regular" at a Limehouse shelter



Diplomatic Guests at the Yugoslav Lunch

Mr. Anthony Drexel Biddle and Mme. Simovitch, wife of the Yugoslav Premier, sat together at the Forum Club lunch. Mr. Biddle, already U.S. Ambassador to the Polish and Belgian Governments over here, and Minister to Norway, the Netherlands, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, has now added Greece to his imposing list



Sunday Tea for the A.T.A.

The officers' Sunday Club gave a huge tea-dance recently at which members of the Air Transport Auxiliary were guests of honour. Four officers of the Women's Section at the party were First Officer Mona Forward, Captain Marjorie Ebbage, First Officer Joan Hughes and Second Officer Veronica Innes. There was a cabaret in which Frances Day appeared

A. V. Swaabe



Restaurant Outings

A. V. Swaabe

Mrs. Mark Pilkington and Sergeant Pretzlik had dinner together at the Lansdowne. She was Miss Susan Henderson before her 1936 marriage, and is a first cousin of Lord Faringdon

The quintet on the right, drinking their aperitifs in the Lansdowne bar, are Lieut. Lord Leveson, Coldstream Guards, and his sister, Lady Mary Leveson-Gower, Mr. S. Egerton, Wing-Com. Michael Robinson, D.F.C., and Miss Elizabeth Hambro. Lord Leveson and his sister are the children of Earl and Countess Granville, and nephew and niece of the Queen



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT citizen who wrote to the *Times* recently denouncing the epistolary vogue of "Esq." as a relic of mid-Victorian snobbery had only himself to blame, in our unfortunate view, when from his rural Surrey retreat the voice of Max Beerbohm was heard next day inquiring with silver irony whether "Mr." is not also "an equally gross survival from an era which men of goodwill can hardly mention without embarrassment and shame."

It is, of course; like "Mrs." and especially "Miss," which the practical Fleet Street boys drop anyway in police-court cases when the defendant is not quite top-drawer. This custom once moved Matthew ("Nowhere-To-Go-For-A-Laugh") Arnold to a nice bit of invective against the brutality of reporters who described a poor erring girl as "Ragg," you remember. On the other hand huge musclebound Rugby, hockey, and rowing girls at the Universities invariably address each other in a baritone roar as "Powker" and "Golightly," a sign, incidentally, that effeminacy is not so prevalent among some of our Island sweethearts as one is led to believe.

Solution

THE nuisance about "Esq." is that it entails the ignoble drudgery of having to hunt up chaps' initials every time you write to them. A great man we know has invented a valuable squiggle for this purpose

which can pass for any letter in the alphabet, making one way out.

A better is never to answer letters at all, like the French. The Race writes far too many letters, as everybody is aware, though God knows what it's got to write about when there's no cricket. The only person we ever write to ourselves is G. ("Boss") Agate, our old mentor, idol, and colleague, whose *clarum et venerabile nomen* nobody can forget, even if anybody wanted to.

Siciliana

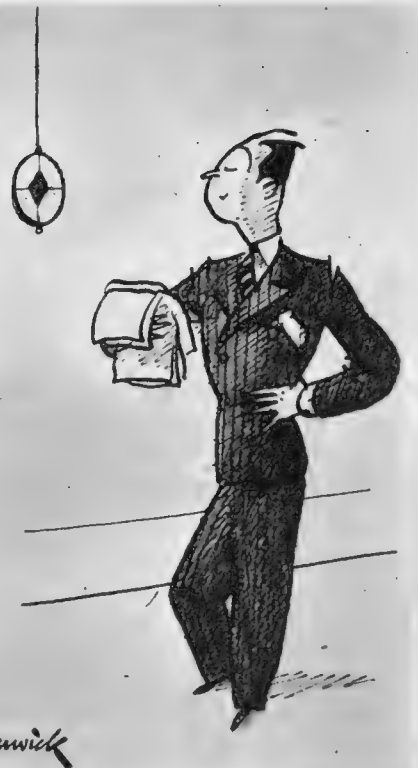
LAUGHING like a lorry-load of rusty iron girders (*un rire métallique*) we perceived a Special Correspondent in Arcadia informing City slickers that Home Guard duty has healed village feuds in the West Country flourishing since the Civil War.

If this story is true, those West Country dumbledores must have tidy old memories, about as long as a pig's tail, rural opinion holds down our way. In Edward III.'s reign our village, Wamblehurst, ambushed a party of archers, conveying a Treasury gold-chest, wiped out a dozen, was let down badly by the treachery (alleged) of Muckingford, the next village, and was duly hanged in High Gallows Wood, reciting the Miserere (Psalm 50 to you). Barely six hundred years later the rude fourflushers of both hamlets, who never really liked each other even before this unfortunate incident, find themselves for the first time

with lashings of lethal weapons to play with. There is a world of instinctive, shy, sweet conjecture and regret in honest round blue Anglo-Saxon eyes on both sides of the parish boundary, believe you us.

Dream

NATURALLY any invading enemy will receive joint, instant, and undivided attention down our way, and plenty of it. But in the Blue Pig at Wamblehurst, as in the Bear at Muckingford, there comes a point once a week when some rustic voice is uplifted saying suppose if they 'Uns bain't a-comin' arter all, whoy, there 'll be a hem ornary lot of ole roifies an' bombs an' stuff down at the store, an' whad'll we ever do with it, Oi dunno. Silence then falls, rustic orbs glitter strangely, a guffaw or two is heard, a horny thumb, maybe, is jerked in a westerly



"... Here is the news; and this is David Liddell reading it — Alvar's got mumps!"

(or easterly) direction, and the subject drops. No deductions, no pack-drill.

Experience

OUR note the other day about a poor friend who is haunted by the Brontë Sisters riding a tandem bicycle moves a sympathetic reader to ask if (a) we've ever been haunted ourselves, and (b) if we know a certified-true ghost story.

As to (a), no, barring a brief period in 1925-6 when Gengis Khan used to snuggle up nightly when we went to bed, yellow, pockmarked, hideous, with flat Kalmuck features, like Lenin, and angry red slits of eyes. As to (b), yes, a famous case. A stout redfaced business man reading the *Financial Times* was travelling in a railway carriage of which the only other occupant was a mild little elderly clergyman opposite, looking out of the window. Suddenly the clergyman leaned over and said courteously, "Excuse me, sir, but do you believe in ghosts?", to which the business man replied, scowling and snorting, "Certainly not, sir. Snff! Stuff and nonsense! Ghosts! Prff!" "Well, sir," said the clergyman mildly, "I am one," and vanished. This naturally did not impress the City thug, a practical man, who merely snorted, shrugged, and returned with an oath to the *Financial Times*.

There's not much point in your piping up that you've heard this before, because the sequel has never been told, namely, that this very clergyman is shyly peeking at us at this very moment from over the top of a tall antique Spanish-leather screen. It isn't him we mind, it's the horse behind the baby grand.

Joke

WHY it is extremely comic to carry a flask of Chianti in your aeroplane and not a bit comic to carry a flask of tea or coffee we hope, Heaven helping us, to understand one of these days. Meanwhile

(Concluded on page 338)



"It's an idea of the manager's to save paper, sir"

Free French Fun

The Cairolis Provide
It in George Black's New
Show, "Get a Load of This,"
at the Hippodrome

Father and son in real life, the Cairolis Brothers, the two French clowns now performing in *Get a Load of This*, came to England last year after the fall of their country. Familiar to Parisian audiences after seven years' fooling at the famous Cirque Medrano, this is their first appearance in London, following a summer season in the circus at Blackpool. There is another Cairolis brother who is now serving in the Free French Army. Their performance at the Hippodrome, as artists in the "Orchid Room" cabaret, is all too short for the audience. Both the Cairolis are excellent musicians, and the younger's superb clowning carries him through the act—and, incidentally, the seat of a chair—in a riot of laughter



Better than Grock? That is the question over which critics disagree when comparing the younger Cairolis to the most famous of all clowns. At any rate, in originality, humour, and mastery of his instruments—string, woodwind and brass—he risks nothing by the comparison. He gives an altogether satisfactory performance, aided and abetted—and often rebuked—by his more serious partner

Roye



Noel Fair

In "The Circus Parade": the Cairolis Brothers with a Show Girl, and a Rival



Roye

A Brotherly Disagreement—One of Many

Standing By ...

(Continued)

the joke is still running, we gather from one of the skittish dailies which keeps referring to Italian pilots as "The Chianti Boys."

Possibly we're odd, for the Island tea-habit seems to us far more amusing than the drinking of any kind of wine. Also to the Chinese, we may add. A highly cultivated Chinese with whom we once drank out of small porcelain bowls a mirific, imperial tea, clear gold in colour, exquisite in perfume and flavour—so far as we remember it was called Mo-you-tan, or else Sia-Fayoun—with small golden blossoms floating on the surface, was politely interested in our native brew, stew, or dope, and couldn't understand why we never devour the tea-leaves to finish with. Had we known him better we'd have asked him whether lifelong addiction to this Oriental drug really does make the Chinese as vaguely cuckoo

and as easily bamboozled by politicians as the Island Race, a state ascribed by a modern thinker almost wholly to tea in each case. But his eyes already had that expression Chinese eyes get when contemplating the barbarian, which is like one looking through a telescope at a slug cowering in the deepest recesses of a coalmine, and we forbore.

Trauma

THE sensational theory—developed by us in a paper which sent the Royal Society crazy with excitement and fear in 1934—that Dr. Watson, Sherlock Holmes's stooge, was consistently drunk is still too much, we observe, for the delicacy of Auntie *Times* who referred the other day to "some indiscreet remark" by Watson on the subject of the sinister Moriarty, and shrank as usual from the plain deduction.

That Watson was permanently plastered after six months of snubbing and bullying from Holmes is a theory so obvious that only one critic, M. Tagueule, has ever seriously

challenged it (see the *Revue de la Criminologie*, June 1935, CXLI, 95-126), and he was probably plastered too. Craven fear of Holmes kept Watson's drunken fury and misery under control, or he would have knocked his oppressor for a row of paper Japanese ashcans. Watson was a born yes-man of the kind you find in Fleet Street and the City. Alone in the sitting-room at Baker Street he would rage to and fro giving Holmes the works and inventing situations such as:

"Not a very good suggestion, Watson."

"You go to hell."

"What's that?"

"Aw go cut yourself a slice of jugular vein, you big beezele."

"WATSON!"

"Put 'em up, you big ugly dope."

Left hook to jaw, right to solar plexus, crash, crash, and out. Henceforth Watson, poor old downtrodden cake-eating Watson, the fall guy, is master, and Holmes has to take it. Holmes then enters the room and Watson shrinks into the corner. Just a well-known trauma, as we told the Royal Society. We have it ourselves about editors, now and again.

Queen

IN Toulouse, where the flowery poets and garlic-scented tenors come from, is the ancient church of Notre-Dame de la Daurade, in whose equally ancient cemetery lies the Reine Pédaque, who had webbed feet, like a goose, and who bobbed into this page recently, we forget how. We wish we could give more news of her to a reader who is evidently fascinated by this queen, as who isn't? But the hairy citizens of Toulouse left off showing her tomb centuries ago.

There is, or was, a fancy image of the Reine Pédaque in near-Merovingian costume, gold-crowned, coyly displaying naked goose-feet under a rich furred gown, on the sign of a restaurant calling itself a *rôtisserie* near St. Lazare in Paris. Having long learned to keep away from decorative modern French restaurants whimsily calling themselves *rôtisseries*, *rostisseries*, *hôtelleries*, or *hostelleries*, we never went there; and whether those ancient statues of the Reine Pédaque still stand in a few small Southern French towns we know not. But this queen lives constantly in the affection of discontented thinkers who—like our correspondent, we deduce—are sick of women's feet and long to see the beloved paddling along webfoot in the mud. Courage, wild ones! It is illusion. They'd look more interesting, maybe, and in some cases more attractive, who knows, but their method of argument would remain the same.

Sissy

A GREAT fuss and fiddle-faddle about the Stamina of the Modern Girl, wonder of the ages, having been made by one of the gossip-boys, apropos a couple of Waafs on leave who had a chilly afternoon dip at Brighton or somewhere the other day, we take leave to quote from Fanny Burney's Brighton diary, 1782:

Wednesday, November 20.—Mrs. Thrale and the three Miss Thrales and myself all arose at 6 o'clock in the morning; and by the 'pale blink of the moon' we went to the sea-side, where we had bespoke the bathing-women to be ready for us, and into the ocean we plunged. It was cold, but pleasant. We then returned home, and dressed by candle-light, and as soon as we could get Dr. Johnson ready we set out upon our journey in a coach and a chaise, and arrived in Argyll Street at dinner-time.

Brighton to London, about six hours. Just a poor little eighteenth-century sissy, all vapours and swoons.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"If yer asks me, Chum, the only ruddy way 'e'll ever get Moscow will be on the radio"

Family Album

The Hon. Mrs. Lowson,
Her Daughters and Her Dogs



In the Garden at Deepwood House

The Hon. Mrs. Lowson is the younger daughter of the late Lord Strathcarron (the former Sir Ian Macpherson, M.P.) and Mrs. H. E. Le Bas and sister of the seventeen-year-old second Lord Strathcarron. She married Mr. Denys Lowson in 1936, and has two daughters, Gay and Melanie. Her husband is a barrister and was a Sheriff of the City of London a year ago; he is also a keen philatelist and is on the committee of the second Red Cross Stamp Sale, to be held after Christmas. Mrs. Lowson is in the F.A.N.Y., and does long trips delivering new ambulances from the docks. She and her daughters were photographed at their country home, Deepwood House, Farnham Royal, in Buckinghamshire. The dogs are Mr. Bun and his son, Michael, and a black pug

Photographs by Jane Haydon



Melanie Fiona Louisa Lowson Was Born Last Year



Gay Ann Lowson and Her Mother

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Short Stories

I HAVE been told—in fact, I have noticed—that quite a number of fiction-lovers have a lively prejudice against short stories. This seems to be specially true of readers who go to the trouble of fetching their books from libraries, or to the expense of having books posted them—not to speak of the labour of posting books back again. At the end of all that one wants, naturally, solid value, “a book one can lose oneself in,” as the saying is. From this point of view, collections of short stories are apt to look pretty doubtful—nothing but a succession of dead ends, of snappings out of it, of dirty turns played on the reader who had just been comfortably settling down. Also, the reader is apt to feel that the author is earning a doubtfully honest penny by collecting his pieces from magazines, and by serving up, in a deceptively coaxing jacket, nothing but a collection of odds and ends. The reader forms a picture of the author with his tongue in his cheek, murmuring cynically: “These ought to do again.”

For whatever reason, I have seen ladies in libraries, yes; and in bookshops too, dropping attractive volumes as though they were hot

potatoes, with a cry of outrage: “But these are only short stories!” Publishers, who have the public taped, receive short stories from authors with extreme gloom; young ladies in libraries, however persuasive, and young men in bookshops, however discreet, take up a deprecating attitude towards them. In fact, it seems to need the tongue of the serpent to put short stories across—and, even so, be prepared for an ugly come-back if the reader has not enjoyed himself. Far be it from me, who write short stories myself, to attempt propaganda for fiction in this form. Now that I come to think of it, rather too much propaganda may have been done already: the public has been confirmed in its prejudice by being told that the short story is an “art form.” This is enough to put off any seeker for pleasure.

Actually, all that this should mean is that an unusual amount of the artist's technique goes to giving any good short story its form. But the art, if the story is good, is concealed art—so deeply concealed that you never might notice it. “Artiness”—an entirely different thing—rules any story right out, in my view. So does that awful cryptic coyness that some



War Savings Christmas Card

A galleon outside, painted by Frank Mason, the well-known poster artist, and Drake's prayer inside, have been chosen by the National Savings Committee for their Christmas card, which is issued free of charge to purchasers of savings stamps. There are also National Savings gift tokens available

short story exponents consider smart. The writer who leads the reader right up the garden path, then breaks off with a “?” and walks away is not only failing to deliver the goods, he is helping to give the short story a still worse name.

Good Work

MY principle claim for the short story is that when it *does* come off it is pre-eminently good work. It cannot afford to misfire. It is out to produce a certain effect, and must. There is no room anywhere in it for muzziness—and look how muzzy some novels can be! It must have—and, if it succeeds, does have—point, punch and pit. I should like—while still foreswearing all propaganda—to point out that some of the best as well as the most entertaining of our modern or recent English writing has been in the short story. Look at Kipling, Saki, Somerset Maugham—the works of these three are already classics that any home should be sorry to be without. One more word to those who may perhaps be persuaded to depart from a life-long prejudice and at least “try” short stories as reading fare—don't bolt the whole collection in one sitting. Short stories that are worth reading at all should be read not more than two or three at a time. Ideally, they should be allowed to “dissolve on the palate” one by one. For this reason: they are immensely compressed; they are designed to have a delay-action effect on your imagination. Give each story a chance to work in its own way. If possible, get up and walk round the garden between each. In this way you will find that your weekend book of short stories does last you the whole of the weekend. And not only this, you will find that it will amuse you even while you are not actually reading. But, of course, be careful *what* short stories you read.

Emphatically, go for Mr. Osbert Sitwell's. In *Open the Door* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) he has given us short stories at their and his own best. In fact one, “Defeat,” is, I say in all sobriety, one of the finest, if not the finest, stories that I have read in the English language. It may

(Concluded on page 345)



The Speaker and His Wife and Children

Captain the Hon. E. A. FitzRoy, M.P., and Mrs. FitzRoy were photographed with their three children, Miss Nancy FitzRoy, Captain Maurice FitzRoy-Newdegate, R.N., and Commander Oliver FitzRoy, R.N., on their golden wedding day two weeks ago. Besides the family celebrations there were two House of Commons ceremonies: one when Captain FitzRoy, who has been Speaker for thirteen years, received the congratulations of the House, and another when Mr. Lloyd George led a deputation of Members to present him with a Queen Anne silver tankard. (According to the “Times,” if the Speaker's relation to the Mother of Parliaments can be considered a “matrimonial” one, Mr. Lloyd George, as father of the House of Commons, is evidently Captain FitzRoy's “father-in-law.”) Captain and Mrs. FitzRoy became great-grandparents last month, when their eldest grand-daughter, Mrs. Dermot Musker, had a son



Lady Moyra Ponsonby is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough. She has a natural gift for nursing, and loves her work for the St. John Ambulance Brigade, whose uniform she wears here



The Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward is the wife of one of the twin brothers of the Earl of Dudley; she was Miss Pauline Winn. Her husband, a Wing-Com. in the R.A.F., is stationed in the West Country

Four Portraits by Olive Snell

The Hon. Mrs. Hubbard is Lord Ashfield's elder daughter. Mr. Ralph Hubbard, whom she married last year, is agent to the Duke of Richmond, and Clerk of the Course at Goodwood. He is a major in the Home Guard



Mrs. J. V. Rank, wife of the well-known racehorse owner, works very hard collecting and distributing comforts for men in H.M. Forces. Her husband ran Orthodox in the New Derby this year

Previews of "Lydia"

Merle Oberon Is the Boston Belle of Four Romances in Alexander Korda's New Film, Directed by Julien Duvivier

Lydia, the latest Korda production, recently shown with great success in the U.S.A., is the first American effort of the brilliant French director, Julien Duvivier, of *Carnet de Bal* and *Pépé le Moko* fame. Duvivier and L. Bushe-Fekete are co-authors of the story, in which Merle Oberon is said to give the greatest performance of her career as the girl who loved and lost four men. Three of the leading men are newcomers to Hollywood: Joseph Cotten—his only other film performance was in *Citizen Kane*; Hans Jaray, the Franz Schubert of *Unfinished Symphony*; and George Reeves, hitherto a small-part player in films. The fourth, Alan Marshal, needs no introduction; his latest part was in *Tom, Dick and Harry* (in which Ginger Rogers also can't make up her mind which of her boy-friends she'll marry). The story, set in Boston, covers the history of the city's most noted family, the Macmillans, from forty years back to the present day. With great attention to detail, Alexander Korda reconstructed a Bostonian home of the period, a smart New York pent-house, and the town's leading hotel. As a contrast, there is a wintry sequence at the Nantucket Island hideaway of *Lydia* and her favourite beau. *Lydia* is to be shown in London in December



The winter rendezvous of *Lydia* (Merle Oberon) and her best young man, Richard (Alan Marshal), is the home of a seafaring family on Nantucket Island. The lovers return from the mainland with provisions for their stay, which they unload with the aid of the caretaker, Old Ned (Frank Conlon). Five hundred tons of ice were used to produce this midwinter scene



Boston society girl *Lydia* wears a wonderful suit of midnight blue velvet. Merle Oberon's dresses were designed by Marcel Vertes, the well-known Hungarian illustrator and magazine-cover artist. He and Walter Plunkett made over 200 sketches for the sixty dresses worn by members of the cast



A parasol and black cravat complete *Lydia*'s Edwardian costume. When Marcel Vertes, who designed it, worked for Alexander Korda twenty years ago, the producer paid him in coffee for doing sketches in a magazine of which Korda was the editor. Now Vertes' salary for work on the film runs well into four figures

In sporting
Lydia is ready
instrumental in
Boston home,





The girl who loved four men and married none is played by Merle Oberon, as Lydia Macmillan, here seen with three of them, Michael (Joseph Cotten), Richard (Alan Marshal) and Frank (Hans Jaray). Michael is a young doctor who departs for the Spanish-American War; Richard is the one preferred by Lydia, and supplants all the others in her affections; and Frank is a famous blind musician who also falls for her

entire of 1897—a red skirt, white shirt-waist and patent-leather belt—go to the Yale-Harvard football match. Her temporary hero, Bob, is winning the match for Harvard. She sits waiting for him in her room where she lives in splendour with her only relative, Granny Macmillan



Lydia's fourth suitor is Bob (George Reeves), the football star, who comes to ask for Lydia's hand in a very drunken condition, but makes no impression on the strait-laced Boston dowager who is her grandmother. Granny Macmillan is played by Edna May Oliver, who is in real life a native of Boston. Since working with her, George Reeves declares that Miss Oliver is his favourite glamour girl

Good advice is given by Granny Macmillan (Edna May Oliver) to Lydia, who awaits the arrival of her favourite young man in the family mansion. Eighteen armed guards were employed day and night to guard the tapestries, paintings and antiques, valued at over 300,000 dollars, used in the interior scenes of the house while the film was being made



The Empire Ball

At Grosvenor House, in
Aid of the British Social
Hygiene Council



Miss Audrey Warren Pearl, whose mother is an indefatigable worker for charity, was photographed with Captain I. A. R. Peebles, the cricketer



At the Southern Rhodesian table above are Assistant Section Officer Maureen Guest, daughter of Southern Rhodesia's Air Minister, Air Commodore E. W. Meredith, A.O.C., R.A.F. Rhodesia, and Mrs. Lanigan O'Keefe, wife of the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, who was hostess to a big party



Right: Lady Emmott, president of the committee which ran the Ball, had David Merry, who is an A.C.2 in the R.A.F., at her table



Left: Mr. Charles Emmott, M.P., sat next Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, whose husband is Under-Secretary for the Dominions, and who was one of the hostesses at the Ball



Right: Mr. and Mrs. S. Lall were another Empire host and hostess who took a party. Mr. Lall is Deputy High Commissioner for India



The young and smiling trio on the left are Lieut. James Willson, Miss June Clench, and P.-Officer Tommy Grant



The couple in Air Force blue on the right are Assistant Section Officer J. C. Sharp, W.A.A.F., and Squadron-Leader H. M. Birch, D.F.C.

With Silent Friends

(Continued from page 340)

be said that "Defeat" owes much to the poignancy and irony of its situation—but it took faultless feeling both as a man and an artist to write such a story without one wrong note or lapse. In this collection, all along the line, Mr. Sitwell has freed himself of that slight over-fantasticness, that slightly too inner laugh that was his only danger. He now shows a grand, simplified feeling for human dignity, even at its most pitiful; he shows more tenderness towards the grotesque—without any loss of height in his own high spirits, or any loss of edge to his fine and capricious wit. As a writer of wartime stories his taste is excellent: he distinguishes (as all our writers do not do) between obvious pathos and implacable tragedy.

Quirks

NOT that all the stories are war stories; neither are all sad—the sad and the merry are about fifty-fifty. Some—such as "Primavera," "Touching Wood," "Plague-cart Before Horse"—are grim chiefly; some—such as "The Woman Who Hated Flowers"—show a sardonic tenderness; most have stings in their tales. While continuing his steady growth as an artist, Mr. Sitwell has not relinquished small and special delights—the voracities of the rich, the vanities of the apparently chastened old, and, above all, the quirks and pretensions common to human nature continue to put their spell on his pen—or, should one say, come under the spell of his pen? He sets, as he always does set, his scenes brilliantly: "the shires of England to San Salvador, from Sweden to the Riviera, from Southern Italy to China, from Mediterranean islands back to the Yorkshire Wolds"—as his publisher indicates on the wrapper, the itinerary of this collection of tales.

The Air

Fighter Pilot (Batsford, 6s.) is already one of the classics of this war. As a direct narration of the experience of one of those few to whom we many owe so much, I do not think it is likely to be surpassed. The book is anonymous, and the pilot writes impersonally—or rather, as though his own personality, like his fighter plane, were simply something it was up to him to know thoroughly in order to control. And yet, in another sense, the book, with its records of sights, sounds, smells, sensations of all sorts, unexpected moods, is very personal: it could hardly be so telling if it were not. What does it *feel* like to be a fighter pilot? The ground-bound civilian might never expect to know. Yet here comes a translation of experience, of almost unthinkable tensions, terrors and triumphs into a language that we can understand.

The author is out to write truly, and does (one can feel) write truly. He therefore does not fail to write also superbly well. He covers the French campaign, from September 1939 to June 1940, from the squadron's take-off from England at the start of it all, to the pilot's return, alone (having been delayed by a wound in a French hospital) to England again, from defeated France. One gets the feeling, all through, of a man living at such unnatural tension that he must constantly try to keep himself keyed down. In fact, this book is the history of the evolution of a particular temperament through a particular way of life. It is not only exciting and moving, it is charged with a taciturn kind of poetry, and the style has the tautness of taut nerves.

Alone, one sunny morning, he takes off to test his guns at 25,000 feet:

"Towns and hills, winding rivers and dark-green, rolling forests were below me; flat white cloud layers, blue sky and brilliant sun above; and far away to the south-east (some 300 miles to be exact), believe it or not, were the white snow peaks of the Alps.

All this made a very lovely picture, filling me with that curious sensation of aloofness and remoteness that only the pilot knows. It often requires a strong physical effort to wrench oneself away from this dreaming at high altitude, and the mind tends to wander in a curious way. Scientists say it is lack of oxygen, but I think there are other causes too. At any rate, I was hunting on this occasion, and could not allow my mind to wander; so I concentrated my thoughts once more on the watchers on the ground, on the anti-aircraft guns, and on the stalking Messerschmitts. I kept turning my aeroplane from one side to the other, and twisted my head and eyes round continuously, searching every corner of the sky and paying special attention to my tail and to that bright but treacherous sun. Now and then I fired my guns, and was comforted to feel the shudder of the aircraft and to see the converging streams of incendiaries leaping out ahead . . ."

This shows the stuff it is. There are a hundred reasons why this short book *Fighter Pilot* should not be missed.

The Old South

FEW of us, even here in England, are proof against the charm of the Old South and the Virginian scene. A number of American books have catered for this taste in readers already, and I admit that when I first picked up *Father Was a Handful*, by Rebecca Yancey Williams (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), my first reaction was: "Here is one more." I also had to admit to being a little tired of light-hearted stories about family life. But I should like to state that *Father Was a Handful* has a quite original, aromatic charm of its own: it is unlike anything I have read before. Eccentric relations, coloured servants, buccaneer children and small-town characters do, it is

true, fill the scene. But all and each are shown in a quite unexpected light. Virginian aristocratic oddness is rendered with a charming dryness of wit.

The Yancey family are a law to themselves. "Father" is Commonwealth's attorney for the town of Lynchburg—he continues to hold his office for thirty-five years. The Yanceys spend their summers at their grandmother's home in Bedford county, twelve miles out of the town. The time is the beginning of this century, just before, says Mrs. Yancey Williams, Virginia had become "Americanised"—and father, with *not* inarticulate indignation, watches his seven children grow up into modernity and take on some modern-style American traits. The outstanding comedy character of the book is, to my mind, plump, pretty mother—"Rosebud"—who alternates periods of extreme fuss and outbursts of moral indignation with "moratoria," in which she rocks in her rocking-chair, reads, and refuses to cope with anything. The vicissitudes of the Yanceys, their storms and their laughter put a spell on one: they could not be more sympathetic. An ideal escape book, this, for this winter's nostalgics who yearn for pleasure, peace and the sun.

Mrs. Christie Again

HATS off to Mrs. Christie: she is with us again! No Poirot this time. In *N. or M.* (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.). Tommy and Tupence Beresford hunt key Nazi agents in a small English seaside town. A guest house gives Mrs. Christie full play for some of her classic studies of bores. But *one* of these bores is known to be something worse than a killer. Which? The story, unrolling briskly, comes once or twice as near as this writer ever allows herself to plain melodrama. Mrs. Christie, among everything else, writes a consolation tale for the middle-aged who feel chafed at finding no place for themselves in this war.

Caravan Canzonic

By Richard King

IT is, I know, considered something unpatriotic, almost immoral, to enjoy any aspect of life which war may bring; but my own opinion is that war brings so much that is horrible and unutterably sad, that it would be stupid not to revel in the few, the very few, benefits it does bestow. Thus, if deliberately you can thrust it outside the present moment for a little while, you have to confess to yourself that life in many of its less important aspects is ever so much nicer. The average person, especially the average stranger, is much more friendly. Social conventions are suspended. There isn't any "society" to be dragged into. The too-too-chatty acquaintance is either doing war work—or you are. There is nothing like a good blackout to keep a bore at home.

The countryside has never for long years been more peaceful or—perhaps as a consequence—more beautiful. You can run out now without being immediately run over. You can wear the oldest clothes, and though you can consume your weekly rations in two days, well that, at any rate, is the best possible excuse for not inviting the Robinsons to dinner because you feel you ought to. Moreover, how much more silent the world has become. I mean, when it is silent it is silent and not merely a diminution of noise. Life has gloriously simplified itself to living—from day-to-day—which is how life should be lived if only, before we are too old, we can manage to shrug our shoulders over the Past

and let the Future more or less take care of itself. Which, in parenthesis, is about all you can do with the future—as you usually discover too late.

I was thinking idly of these things the other day when for business purposes I had to make a 250-mile trip by road. Beyond a fourteen-mile radius I know absolutely nothing of the lovely country surrounding Oddy-upon-Wem, and most of this had to be explored riding a tandem with a blind man; when, *ipso facto*, it has to be riding all the time and no lingering. Opportunity came, however, for me to do this long trip and, I must confess, I felt rather like a prisoner suddenly let out of prison. Than which sensation life has few moments of greater temporary happiness to offer—be it an "escape" from labour, from dull routine, from bores or from unrequited love. And if the autumn tints have ever been lovelier than they are this year I do not recollect the fact. Even the main roads were so quiet that motoring along them was an unexpected joy. The little towns and villages, the hills and valleys, the fields and woods of Shropshire, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire—even in over-built Hampshire and Sussex—were heavenly beautiful in their tranquility and glory of gold and crimson, russet-brown and palest primrose. I hope that men are fighting to preserve just this—since, without beauty, and an appreciation of beauty, no New World, however utilitarian, will be worth the living in. At least, not for such as I.



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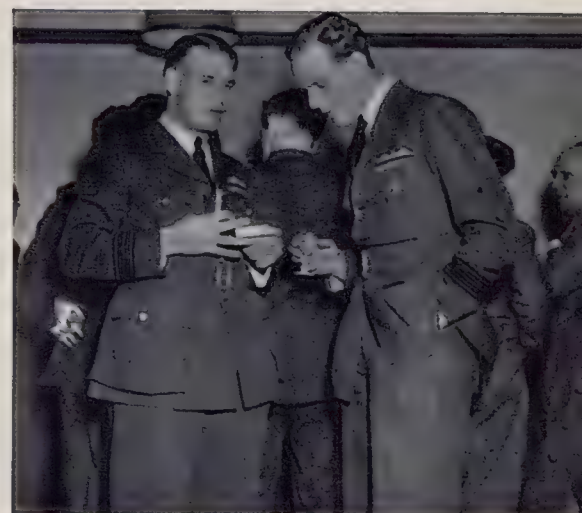
A Flying Anniversary

The Boys and "Old Boys" of a Famous Fighter Squadron Throw a Party



Some distinguished "old boys" of the squadron were Wing-Com. J. A. Kent, D.F.C., A.F.C., a Canadian, formerly C.O. the squadron, Flt.-Lieut. A. Bartlett, D.F.C., Flt.-Lieut. R. Holland, D.F.C., and behind: P.O. Mailand Thompson, F.O. G. Wellum, D.F.C. Mrs. Wade was one of the guests with them

The Prime Minister paid a visit to the squadron not long ago



Wing-Com. A. G. Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Wing-Com. M. L. Robinson, D.S.O., D.F.C., both former Wing-Coms. Flying of the station, have between them accounted for 50 enemy aircraft

Speech-making at the party, Wing-Com. J. Rankin kept his audience amused



"Bee" Lillie was entertained by Wing-Com. J. Rankin, a former C.O. of the squadron, now Wing-Com. Flying of the station



A top-scoring squadron of Fighter Command recently celebrated the anniversary of its arrival at a South of England station by a party and a cabaret. The squadron has nearly 200 enemy planes to its credit, destroyed in the Battle of Britain, during the winter, and in sweeps over Northern France this year

Miss Hambro, Wing-Com. J. Rankin and Mr. Noel Coward enjoyed the party

Wing-Com. M. L. Robinson looked modestly at the floor while making his speech



Glass in hand, Wing-Com. A. G. Malan seemed quite accustomed to public speaking

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Hoary Maxim

THE task of the British armoured forces . . . is not to take positions, but to bring the enemy armoured units to action."—"The Times" Correspondent in Libya. A timely reiteration of a very well-known fundamental.

Cartridge Paper

THE Salvage and Recovery Board of the Ministry of Supply has issued an appeal to all who may be shooting (birds) at this moment, when so much of another kind of shooting is going on, to save their empty cartridge-cases for war salvage. I have no doubt that most people do, but it is just as well to remind them of the fact that these things are invaluable for pulp, and that it would be entirely wrong to let them go to another kind of "waste." In these strenuous times, when everyone of the requisite age is either in the Services or the shells, the loader is probably an extinct species, and anyone lucky enough to be shooting, whether for the pot or the market, will have to do the picking up and collecting for himself; but I am sure that everyone will do this and so help the general effort to save paper.

The 4th Hussars

IN a recent note upon a famous 4th Hussar polo team, of which the Premier was the No. 1, I said that I could account for all of them bar one, Mr. A. Savory, the No. 2. I have just had a letter from Mrs. Harold Probyn, his first cousin, telling me that he died of his wounds in the South African War, when he was a captain in the South African Light Horse. He went out attached to the 18th Hussars.

Anent the 4th Hussars' nickname, "Paget's Irregular Horse," it was only a nickname, and was conferred upon them during the Indian

Mutiny, in consequence of their loose drill. They were then commanded by Lord George Paget, who had them from 1846 till 1857. I was wrong in taking it from a very good little book of reference that they were raised by a Paget. That honour belongs to the Hon. John Berkeley, afterwards Lord Fitzhardinge. He recruited them on the family estates in Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, and afterwards commanded them at Steinkerk and Namur, both in 1692, when the 4th helped to pull William III. out of the mess he had got into at the former action. Lord George Paget commanded them in the Crimea, where they formed part of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, the other regiments concerned having been the 8th and 11th Hussars and the 17th Lancers.

Kadir Cup Record

DURING the time the 4th Hussars were in India they were the outstanding firm of "pork-butchers," and here is their record in pig-sticking's Blue Ribbon (the ranks given being those borne by the officers at that time): 1924, Captain J. Scott-Cockburn's Carclew; 1925, ditto; 1926, Captain K. J. Catto's Jack; 1927, Captain Scott-Cockburn's Carclew, and 1929, Captain H. N. Head's Bullet-Head. It is a record never likely to be beaten. Captain Scott-Cockburn was in the semi-final in 1923 and 1926, when he also rode that grand old steed Carclew, whom he afterwards brought to England, where he died on November 5th, 1937, aged thirty-two years. The records of Carclew and his owner are quite unbeatable, and so now, may be, is the regiment's record also.



At a Thanksgiving Day Lunch

Two guests at the American Thanksgiving Day lunch at the Dorchester were Sir John Wilson Taylor and Miss Taylor. Sir John is retiring from the post of secretary to the Bath Club, which he has held for forty-four years. Among his very many organising activities he was hon. secretary to the Sports Club in connection with the first Olympic Games. Since their own club was burnt out, members of the Bath are being housed at the Conservative Club

The Late Mr. Edward Huskinson

COMPLEMENTARY to a small personal tribute in these notes to the late editor of THE TATLER, I am very glad to receive an appreciation of him from one of his oldest friends, Sir Harry Brittain, who was, in fact, instrumental in first putting him into that exalted position. In the course of his eulogy, Sir Harry Brittain writes:

In 1908, the Editorship of THE TATLER was vacant, and as I had a say in the appointment, I asked Teddy whether he would like to edit the paper. "Love to," he replied, "though how to put a paper together I haven't the faintest notion."

But he had a full knowledge of his fellow-creatures, of sportsmen and of sport, of the country life of England, a supreme sense of humour, and ceaseless energy; an assistant editor would, I suggested, supply the requisite technical knowledge.



Major Stanley's XV. v. Oxford University

D. R. Stuart

The two teams who met when Major Stanley's XV. beat Oxford by 34 points to 6 at Oxford were: Back row: F. McRae (St. Mary's Hospital), A. Batty-Shaw (O.), J. Webb (Army), J. B. Robertson (O.), C. G. Gilthorpe (R.A.F.), R. L. F. Mitchell (O.), R. H. D. Cockburn (St. Mary's Hospital), H. E. Pearson (O.), K. I. Geddes (R.A.F.). Middle row: C. H. Gadney (referee), E. J. H. Williams (Army), A. C. Cole (O.), M. J. Dacy (Army), D. A. B. Garton-Spencer (O.), A. W. Malcolm (Army), R. Huskisson (O.), R. L. Richards (O.), H. J. C. Rees (O.), T. A. Kemp (St. Mary's Hospital). Front row: W. Fox (O.), F. G. Edwards (Army), H. D. Darcus (O.), J. K. Watkins (Navy), J. M. Blair (O.), A. B. W. Buchanan (Major Stanley's team), H. A. K. Rowland (O.), J. F. Huskisson (Army), W. J. H. Butterfield (O.), W. E. N. Davies (Army). On the ground: G. E. Hollis (Navy), P. M. de C. Williams (O.)



A Colonel Becomes a Policeman

Colonel Ragosin, formerly in the Imperial Russian Army, escaped after the Revolution and joined the British Army as a private. He is now in the London Metropolitan Police. His wife is Lydia Kyasht, the dancer, whose ballet company is performing at the Garrick. He is seen above inspecting a portrait of his wife. Their daughter, Lydia Kyasht, Junior, does decor and choreography



U.S. Army Air Chief at Work

Major-General George H. Brett, Chief of the U.S. Army Air Corps, was photographed at his desk at the American Embassy with his principal A.D.C., Major John K. Gower, Junior. Major-General Brett, before coming to England in October, spent four weeks in the Middle East inspecting American aircraft in use there. In the U.S. Army since 1910, he joined the aviation wing in 1916

That was in 1908; for over thirty years Huskinson edited THE TATLER, which, under his keen and cheerful rule, became one of the most popular and successful journals of its kind, with a circulation far beyond these islands.

One of ten brothers, good fellows all, rumour has it that on one occasion, their father collaborating, they challenged and played a Notts County Cricket Team. That may be so; and if Teddy's cricket was as vigorous as his golf, he might easily have scored the winning hit, for at the Royal and Ancient game he was a mighty driver with a glorious contempt for the fairway.

Wherever we met he was always the best of companions, entertaining, vital, challenging. He would be the last man in the world to wish his old friends to mourn his loss, but his sudden passing leaves a real and heartfelt void which many of us will find difficult to fill.

Miniature Rifle Clubs

A LETTER from Sir Lionel Fletcher, chairman of the Society of Miniature Rifle



Officers of a Searchlight Regiment, R.A.

This photograph of the officers of a Territorial Battalion of an old County Regiment, now transferred to the A.-A. Command, was taken on the occasion of the laying-up of the Colours for the duration of the war in the village church. Front row: Majors G. Boucher, J. R. Talbot, H. A. Neal, Capt. K. A. Lee-Emery, the Commanding Officer, the Honorary Colonel, Majors H. W. W. Gray, T. C. M. Johnson, Capt. J. T. Dear, D. V. Littlejohn, Rev. J. W. Reeves (R.A.Ch.D.). Middle row: Capt. F. J. Millard, Lt. J. K. Heskeith, Sec.-Lt. W. D. Hiddleston, Capt. J. R. Cropper, Lts. E. P. W. Dillon, A. D. Buckland-Nicks, Capt. P. C. Sneath, Sec.-Lt. R. A. Hignett, Lts. R. J. Jenkins, D. E. Dowlen, Capt. W. E. H. Grayburn. Back row: Lt. D. H. Coles, Sec.-Lts. F. H. Tyler, W. T. Steele, T. F. Peart, D. C. Rowan, N. B. Wallis, Capt. D. C. Tomlins (R.A.M.C.)

Clubs, has been sent to me by the Editor for appropriate comment. The Society was started by the late Lord Roberts in 1902, with, of course, the main object of helping the Englishman to protect his home. We all, no doubt, remember the famous play which dealt with a German invasion.

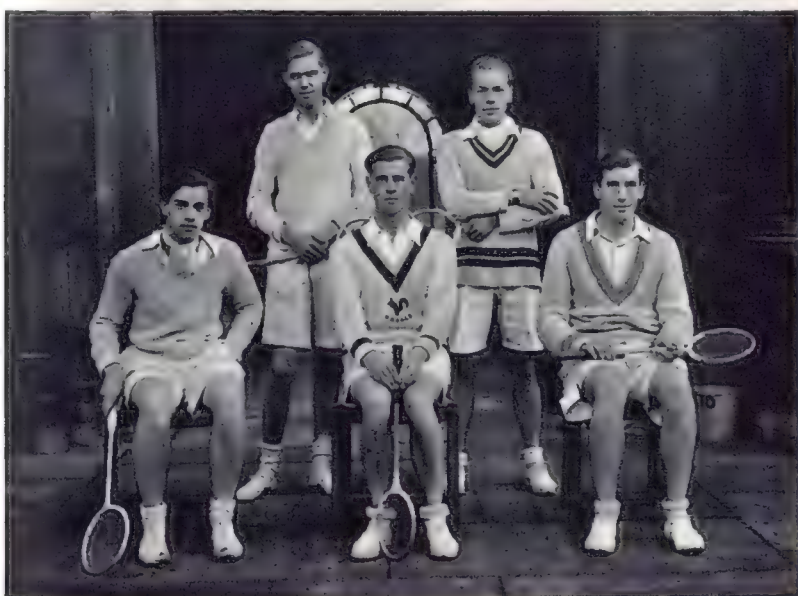
The Society's H.Q. at Codrington House (Lieut.-General Sir Alfred Codrington being the president) has been destroyed by enemy action, and with it so many of the trophies. Sir Lionel Fletcher therefore makes this appeal:

It occurs to us that amongst our readers are included many distinguished sportsmen and women, or the relatives of them, who hold trophies won in shooting or other kinds of sport. We respectfully suggest that an opportunity to put these trophies again into circulation for a national cause, and to associate the name of the original winner, or the giver, year after

year in one or other of the Society's competitions, now presents itself. Thus a quiescent memory can live again.

May we hope that all your readers who can, will act upon this request and so ensure that at least some of the destroyed trophies will be replaced by others equally as time-honoured and of as great a source of human endeavour.

I feel sure that, in view of the obvious desirability of everyone's being able to handle a weapon, support will not be lacking for such a request, and that the Society will, in addition, gain many new members. The present address is "Mayleigh," Petersham Road, Richmond, Surrey. In modern war it is not necessary for musketry instruction to envisage anything much beyond a 400-yards' range, hence the usefulness of these rifle clubs. I doubt whether even the sniper will have to be proficient at the old long ranges at which competency was demanded.



Oxford Squash Rackets Team

D. R. Stuart

The Oxford University Squash Rackets team, who were beaten by Cambridge by three games to two, are: (Standing) J. D. Burridge (Haileybury and Trinity), A. Roper (Merchant Taylors and New College). (Sitting) Alan Ross (Haileybury and St. John's), secretary, R. H. Marten (Stoneyhurst and Trinity), captain, P. H. Nye (Charterhouse and Balliol). Oxford won the two previous war matches against Cambridge



Seven British Prisoners of War

This photograph was received from Oflag VII C., from where these officers have since been moved. In the group are: Capt. Jack Faucus, Northumberland Fusiliers, Capt. David Campbell, M.C., The Black Watch, Capt. Tosti Wright, R.H.A., Capt. R. N. Jardine Paterson, The Black Watch, Capt. David Walker, The Black Watch, Capt. David Maud, Somerset Light Infantry, Capt. Jock McLeod, The Cameron Highlanders

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Crosthwaite — Clarke

Capt. Ivor John Crosthwaite, Grenadier Guards, younger son of Capt. and Mrs. H. T. Crosthwaite, of Little Bowden, Pangbourne, Berks., and France Clarke, elder daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Goland Clarke, of Maudlyn House, Steyning, Sussex, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



Hajek-Garczyński — Kembell

Cadet-Officer Emil Hajek-Garczyński, Polish Army, and Barbara Kembell were married at Ingatestone Parish Church. She is the youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. F. Kembell, of Newlands, Ingatestone, Essex



Mackworth — Robinson-Smith

Lieut. David Mackworth, R.N., only son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Geoffrey Mackworth, of Broomhill, Ivybridge, Devon, and Mrs. Molly Robinson-Smith, of 20, Hans Road, S.W.1, were married at Kensington register office



Sawrey-Cookson — Jeudwine

Wing-Com. Reginald Sawrey-Cookson, R.A.F., younger son of Capt. and Mrs. Clement Sawrey-Cookson, of Hansford House, Umberleigh, Devon, and Joan Wynne Jeudwine, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. J. H. W. Jeudwine, of Santry, Bourton-on-the-Water, Glos., were married at Bourton-on-the-Water



Killick — Merrall

Capt. Spencer Killick, K.R.R.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Spencer Killick, of Wickhurst Manor, Sevenoaks, Kent, and grandson of Sir Henry Maybury, and Marion Merrall, only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Merrall, of Haworth, Yorks., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Wynne — Eden

Sergeant-Instructor Edmund Ernest Wynne, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wynne, of Rolleston Road, Burton-on-Trent, and the Hon. Nancy Clare Eden, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Henley, of Askerton Castle, Cumberland, were married at Lanercost Priory

(Concluded on page 352)

*Toast Your
Friends... in*

VAT 69

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

'Quality Tells'



Getting Married (Continued)



Richards — Coates

Sub-Lt. Owen Henry Wilson Richards, R.N.V.R., elder son of H. Richards, of Hinde House, W.I., and grandson of Sir Isaac Wilson, and Daphne Veronica Coates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Coates, of Pennington Chase, Lymington, Hants., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Wilton — Howden

Lt. Thomas Norton Penn Wilton, R.N.V.R., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Wilton, of Longfield, Kingswear, Devon, and Joan Margaret Howden, daughter of J. B. Howden, of 37, Hookstone Chase, Harrogate, Yorks., and the late Mrs. Howden, were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Street — Hooper

Sec.-Lt. Anthony Frank Street, R.A., younger son of Mrs. J. Draycon, of White Rock House, Hastings, and Barbara Noel Hooper, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril N. Hooper, of Park Hill House, Loughton, Essex, were married at St. John's, Loughton



Mrs. V. M. de Majo

Veronica Booker, elder daughter of Henry Booker, and Mrs. Mary Booker, was married quietly on November 15th to Vili Max de Majo, only son of Mr. and Mrs. de Majo, of Belgrade, Yugoslavia

Harlip



Capt. and Mrs. Boycott

Capt. Norman Stanley Boycott, Royal Marines, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Boycott, of Leintwardine, Salop, was married in London in August to Ursula Dorothy Cook-Kingsmill, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. W. K. Cook-Kingsmill, of Culverley, Beaulieu, Hants., and Tangier, Morocco



Kay Read

Kay Read, daughter of Major F. Read, the Black Watch, and Mrs. Read, of North Bank, Perth, is engaged to Jock Lyburn, son of the late James Lyburn, and Mrs. Lyburn, of New Zealand, and nephew of Mr. John Lyburn, of Grange of Elcho, Perth



Mason — Meagher

Sec.-Lt. John William Woodley Mason, son of the late R. M. Mason, and Mrs. Mason, of Westland, Chailey, Sussex, and Elizabeth Susan Meagher, daughter of Surgeon Rear-Admiral and Mrs. E. T. Meagher, of 10, Darlaston Road, Wimbledon, were married at Crowborough, Sussex



White — Jessel

Lieut. Eric White, R.N.V.R., South Africa, and Genevieve Jessel were married recently at Fulham register office. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. White, of Durban, South Africa, and is serving with the Fleet Air Arm



Mudford — Thorpe

Lt. James Wasteneys Hall Mudford, R.A.S.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Mudford, of All Square, Sandgate, and Dorothy May Thorpe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Thorpe, of High Ray Lodge, Sheffield, were married at St. John's, Rammoor. The bride is a serving Sister in the Red Cross

Men's clothes by Drescott

There may be some difficulty in
obtaining Drescott clothes because of
the limitation of supplies imposed by
H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Plane Propaganda

THOSE that strive for the mastery are temperate in all things," and how intemperately dull they are withal! You can see the man who is bent on success holding himself in, continually taking thought as to what will improve his efficiency and what will reduce it. He steers a mean—frequently a very mean—course. We can learn something from his example in our treatment of air propaganda and especially in moderating the praise of our own machines.

In the world's whoopee centres you will not find the seeker after success. He is somewhere sternly alone, eating carefully, drinking carefully, smoking carefully, thinking always of being a little soberer and farther-sighted than the other man. Vaunting ambition declines the demon drink and keeps to cream buns.

Over the years I have noted among my friends the careful moderation of those who have risen. They have always left the party as it strikes ten. The ones who started at the bottom rung of the ladder—and stayed there—on the other hand, are wild and varied. One day they are brilliantly exuberant, the next they are depression's self. They prefer excess to success.

Now, there is no doubt that it has been exhilarating to let ourselves go about our Royal Air Force aeroplanes. They have been and are better aircraft than the German. Performance facts and figures are conclusive proof of their superiority in speed and climb. And they carry heavier armament.

It was good to rub this home. It was good to rejoice inordinately at this technical margin of merit over the enemy, and there can hardly be a paper in London that did not let itself go at some time or other on the subject. I wrote about it a good deal.

After Effects

IT was a triumph in which we had full right to rejoice. Yet the other day when I was talking to a fighter pilot he put a new point of view to me. He complained that there had been so much plugging of our technical superiority that the public now believed that our pilots merely had to make contact with the enemy and the battle was won.

And it does seem wrong that those who have to fight hard and take fearful risks for every

victory they gain should have any part of the praise which belongs to them taken away by excessive emphasis on the technical merits of our aircraft.

The lesson to be learned was that in propaganda, as in other things, success is most likely to be achieved by moderate methods. It might perhaps have been better if we had not all gone off the deep end about the excellence of our aircraft and had merely pointed austerely to the facts and left it at that. Then the pilots would have had their fair share of approval.

It might have been better in some ways; but it would certainly have been worse in others. At the time of the air battles over Britain (prematurely called the Battle of Britain by the Air Ministry) the country was extremely anxious, for it knew the enormous task that lay before the Royal Air Force.

It knew that in numbers we were much inferior. It knew that the German Air Force was flushed with success, and well prepared for further efforts. So in a way it was a comfort to remind ourselves that, although our pilots had to face superior numbers, they had the better machines.

Changing Views

PROBABLY the best propaganda, if consistent rightness is the aim, is temperate in all things. Enemies should be mildly abused; friends mildly praised. Our victories should be mildly sung, our failures mildly commiserated.

Under those moderate conditions our propaganda would stand a chance of being always nearly right; it would be applying the recipe for success by being temperate in all things; it would be avoiding the risk of having to make any of those awkward turn-rounds which war sometimes calls for from more exuberant propaganda.

I say that this would bring about consistent rightness; but it would also make our propaganda horribly dull. We may have over-praised our aircraft; but it was interesting to do so. We may have plunged too deeply in some other ways in our air propaganda. But such plunges have maintained the interest.

I prefer the full-out, immoderate, carefree, exuberant and even excessive propaganda to the tight-lipped temperate stuff. So in this I believe we did right. At the same time, I think



PAPER CHASE

If you haven't ransacked your house for waste paper—Do It Now. Clear out old letters, books, music, time-tables, catalogues. Every scrap is wanted for munitions—cartridge- and shell-cases, mines, radio sets, machine-gun belts. Tie it up in bundles, keep dry and, if possible, do a little sorting. Your local council will collect

we should make it clear to the public that our pilots have to fight hard for their victories, and that, although our aircraft are technically superior to those of the enemy, the superiority is not such as to give our pilots a walk-over win every time.

Libya

THE variety of spellings used when it was announced that the Air Forces engaged in Libya were under Air Vice-Marshal Coningham was exceptional. But later unanimity was reached.

This officer is certainly one of the greatest leaders in the Service. His tactical knowledge and skill are unequalled by any other officer in any other Air Force in the world, and he holds nearly every decoration, including the still rather rare Air Force Cross.

I have never discovered how he got his nickname of "Mary" Coningham; but that has stuck to him throughout his career. There is no officer in the Service to whom these important operations in Libya could be entrusted with greater confidence than to Air Vice-Marshal Coningham.

The way he laid into the enemy in the opening stages of the attack was typical of the man and his methods. And he contrived to give us the first British concentrated bombing—on Naples. But at the time of writing it is far too early in the proceedings to say what the effects of that bombing will be.



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Fighter Squadron Somewhere in England

Standing: P.-O. A. W. Kearsey, F.-O. R. Miller, F.-O. L. R. Hiscock (Adjutant), P.-O. N. Hancock, P.-O. M. J. Gardener; sitting: F.-O. W. D. Williams, F.-L. I. N. Bayles, Sq.-Ldr. J. Darwen (C.O.), F.-O. E. S. Marrs, D.F.C., F.-O. G. S. Cox, and their bull-terrier, Pooch

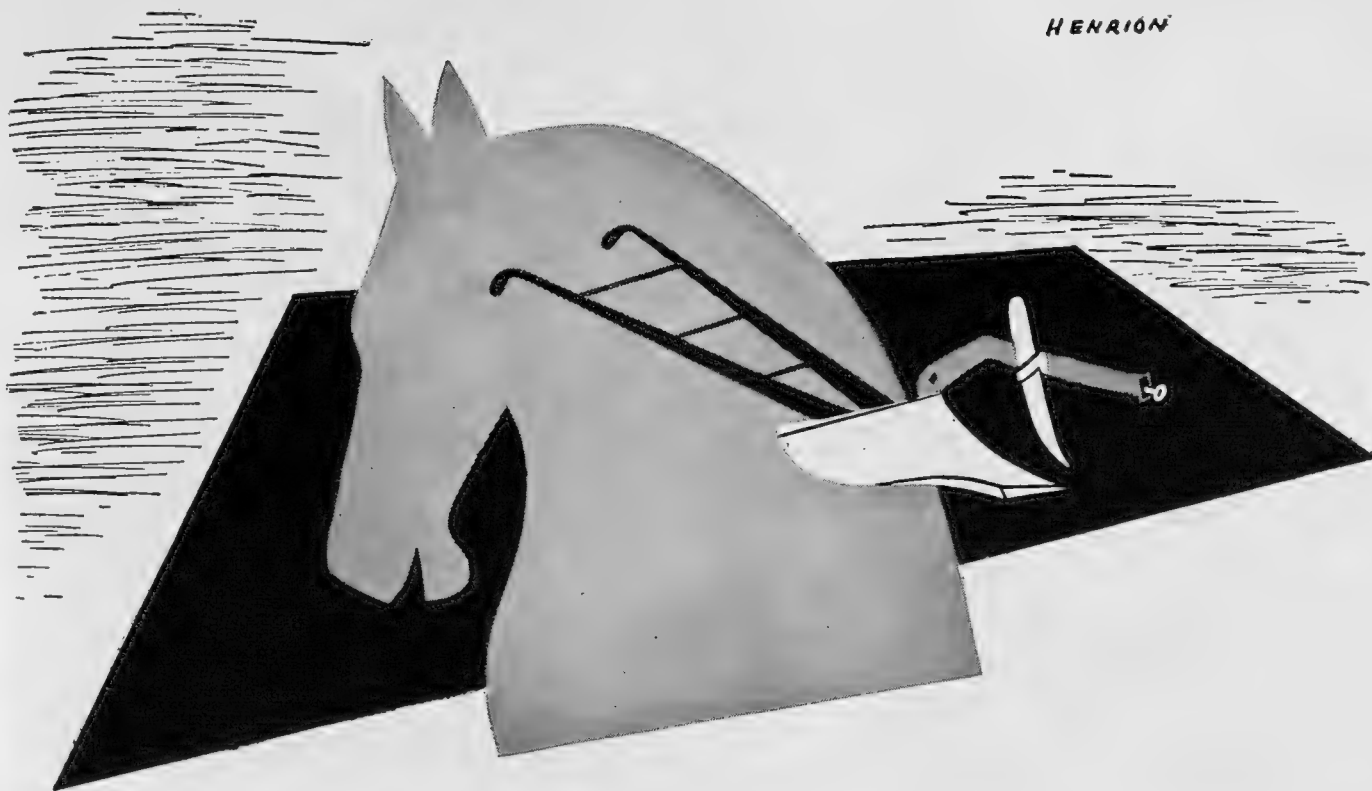


D. R. Stuart

The C.O. and W.R.N.S. Officers at an R.N.A. Station

Captain R. St. A. Malleson, R.N., commanding an R.N.A. station, was photographed with his W.R.N.S. officers. In the group are: First Officer M. K. Luckham, Captain Malleson, Third Officer C. A. Malcolm, Third Officer D. A. Pridham, Third Officer C. I. Langmaid

HENRION



ONCE UPON A TIME

Slowly, laboriously, the plough-horse plods its way across the heavy soil. To and fro it passes, part of the old picturesque landscape of our country. For many farms are still not mechanised.

Britain is at peace. What need for hurry? But over the seas the clouds are darkening. Then . . . September Third, 1939. Britain is at war. The U-boats are out. Will Britain starve?

From one of the greatest of Britain's factories the answer echoes—No! As the tractors stream out in their thousands the face of our land changes. On uncultivated moorland and steep hillside the tough, nimble tractor achieves its fruitful work.

Four million extra acres are under the plough; one of the greatest harvests we have ever known has been reaped this year. For in war, just as in peace—

FORD MARCHES ON

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE



Personality and Individual Knitwear have Pringle's productions been called. Their headquarters is at Hawick, nevertheless their specialities are sold by outfitters of prestige. Two sweaters and a twin set are portrayed. At the top of the page is a sweater with a simulated gathered yoke finished with a neat band. As will be seen, ribbing at the waist and sleeves completes the scheme. Below it is a sweater with a V-neck outlined with a scalloped hem. At the base of the page on the right is a twin set: the cardigan buttons smartly up to the neck, while the sweater has short sleeves. Pure cashmere has been used for the fashioning of these accessories; they are endowed with a long span of life—this is of immense advantage in these days of coupons.



Simple and cheerful are the fashions at Jacquar's, 16 Grosvenor Street; they are in complete harmony with the times. Illustrated at the top of the page on the right is a house frock; there is a host of occasions on which it may appropriately be worn. It is expressed in a lovely shade of cardinal matalya, the revers and monogram scarf being of an almost bark-brown velvet, the stitched square pocket being lined with velvet. It may be copied in other colour schemes and materials. Velvet is frequently used for dresses of this persuasion as it is warm, decorative and has a flattering effect on the complexion. There is a certain something about the creations of Jacquar which place them on a plane apart. These salons are practically the home of the slogan scarf, among them being "Happy Landing" and "Dig for Victory." By the way, the entire trousseau may be acquired here.



TRADE MARK
Celaneese
Signifies Quality for Coupons

Since you spend your Coupons as wisely as your money you will find it well worth while to insist on 'Celaneese.' Quality of appearance—Washing quality—Wearing quality—you have them all in 'Celaneese.' For yourself and your family it will pay you to look for 'Celaneese' if you do not find it in the first shop you visit.

'Celaneese'



Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

THE pretty girl in the knife-throwing act on the fair ground was ill, and her mother, rotund and blowsy, was taking her place. The noises off-stage grew to a thunderous roar as the knife-thrower took aim and threw the blade. Then all was still.

"Blimey!" exclaimed an incredulous voice, "he's gone and missed her!"

A TRADESMAN sent a well-known doctor a box of cigars, which had not been ordered, with a bill for twenty-five shillings. The accompanying letter ran: "I have ventured to send these on my own initiative, being convinced that you will appreciate their exquisite flavour."

The doctor replied:

"You have not asked me for a consultation, but I venture to send you five prescriptions, being convinced that you will be as satisfied with them as I am with the cigars. As my charge for each prescription is five shillings, this makes us quits."

A PARSON who was finishing a round of golf got bunkered at the eighteenth. In the process of extracting his ball he got some sand in his eye. The eye continued to trouble him when he went into the club house and ordered a glass of milk. When he tasted the beverage he looked sharply at the steward and said: "Is this milk?"

"Well, sir," grinned the steward, "naturally I put a dash of rum in it when you winked."

IN a railway carriage a countrywoman asked: "Will you tell me, miss, which is the return ticket?"

Her fellow traveller handed her the return ticket, and she threw it out of the window.

"Why did you do that?" asked the second woman.

"I'm not going back."

"Then why did you take a return?"

"They told me it was cheaper."

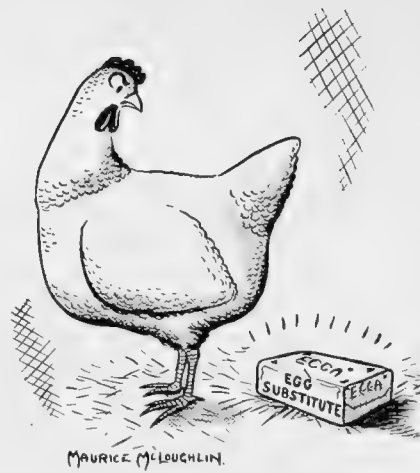
THE colonel of a battalion billeted in the country was invited to a neighbouring farm for lunch. He astonished the farmer by eating two small roast fowls. Later, while walking in the farmyard, he noticed a cock strutting about, and remarked:

"By gad, that's a proud bird."

"So he should be," answered the farmer, "he has two sons in the army now."

A LECTURER at a women's committee meeting was telling how careless the Persians are with their wives, and said it was no uncommon sight to see a woman and a donkey hitched up together.

"That's not so unusual," called out one of the audience, "you often see it over here."



MAURICE McLEACHLIN.

"Well, Well, War is War"

AN old couple on holiday went to a music hall. Among the "turns" was a snake charmer who, at the conclusion of his performance invited any person in the audience to come on to the stage and attempt the art of snake charming.

Much to the old man's surprise, his wife got up, went on to the stage, and showed that she knew something about the business.

That night the old fellow was unusually quiet, and at last came out with: "It does seem strange, my dear, to think, that being married all these years, I should have been unaware that you could charm snakes. How was it

that you never told me, Maria?"

The old woman blushed, and then said, coyly: "Why, John, you never asked me!"

A JEWELLER's assistant, an absent-minded fellow, was being married. He was presenting the bride with the ring when he hesitated.

"With this ring," prompted the minister.

"With this ring," said the bridegroom, "we give a written guarantee reminding the customer that the price will be refunded if it is not as represented."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

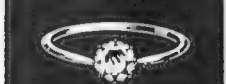


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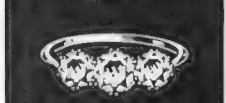
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FEATHER-LIGHT 'TROPAL'

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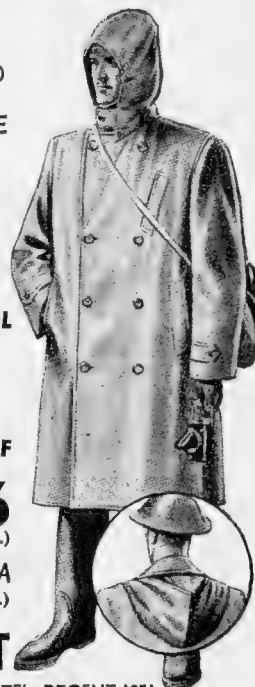
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Yet in one respect, at least, there has been no change. As in 1914-1918, 'Ovaltine' is widely used in civil and military hospitals, where it continues to play its part in the restoration of health and fitness. Its special advantages in helping to build up strength and energy and to ensure restorative sleep are recognized by medical authorities everywhere.

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The National Beverage

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P583A



**When
we
welcome them
back again...**

... all the good things of the first post-war Christmas—when shops blaze with light and burst with hosts of dainties. For you... will it be a time of gladness and rejoicing?... Or will your joy be marred by a conscience which says "You knew your duty. Yet you failed to do it."

Your duty is to save. There can be no shirking that duty. This has been called "A war of production." Remember, savings and production go hand in hand. In 3% Savings Bonds your money will speed the wheels of the factories which give the tanks, planes and guns needed for victory.

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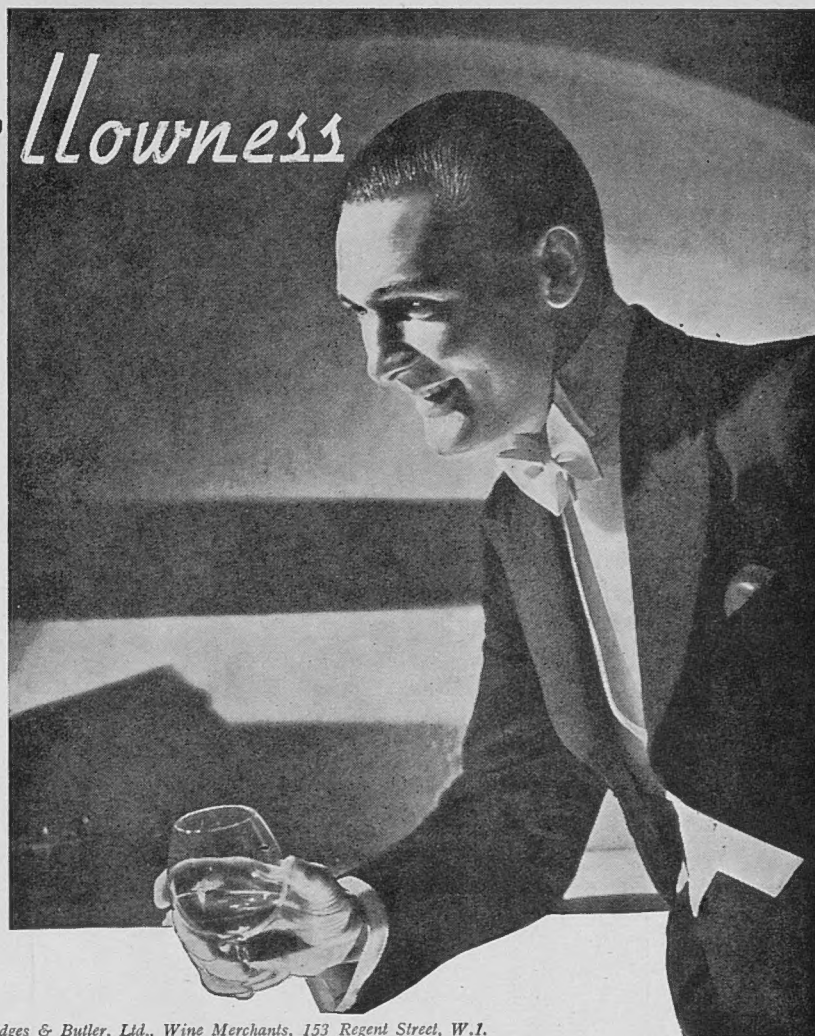
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